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SEPTEMBER, 1915

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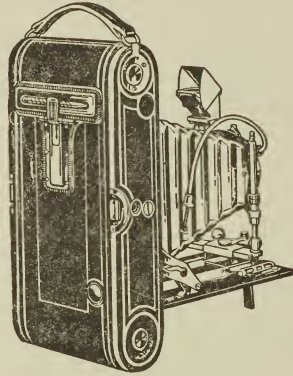
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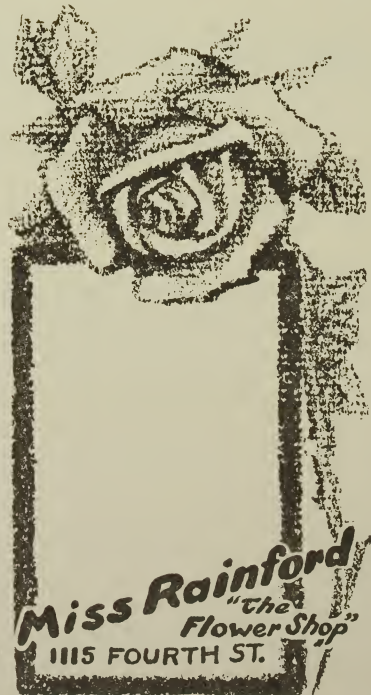
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The California Garden

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No. 3



CALL has come forth from the city hall to send in suggestions for the development of our water front. We do not know at this writing what the response has been, but we do believe that once again the city is squarely up against the question of where lies its greatest possibility in sane healthy growth. Many times have we expressed our belief that its commercial development depends upon its featurings and augmenting its advantages as a good place to live, therefore it will be no surprise to find us again on this occasion advocating that the water front plan include as much esplanade and parking as possible for immediate execution, and a final tying of it to Balboa Park by a block-wide tree and flower-bedecked boulevard.

Nothing half so attractive as Henry Lord Gay's plan for spanning railroad tracks by an arcade and patterning the water front after Naples, has been suggested, and by now we have learned that commercial harbors like Hamburg and Rio de Janeiro deem it good business to beautify water fronts in what appears to be the finest commercial location.

After all, the meat of the matter lies in an honest analysis of what we are and what we are not, or rather, what we have and what we have not. We have the finest most livable climate in America; a beautiful bay; a picturesque mountainous back country, that affords admirable fishing, boating, hunting and motoring, and all the allied sports. Why should we be ashamed of these conditions and almost apologise that our water is not thick with factory refuse, our blue sky turned to grey by factory smoke, and our curtains and shirt-waists poker-dotted with smudges? Though public opinion is fast switching over to the beauty side we dare not yet say all we think about what we have not, but we will ask the question, "shall we enter the commercial field in a struggle for factories, when it is already dotted with the tents of giants and we must necessarily enter

as a recruit, or shall we aim to be the playground, the resting place of a continent, which arena we enter with every natural advantage?

In the past quarter of a century much fraud has been practiced in this western land in the name of climate so that at a mention of it the bitten looks sour and cusses, a large proportion of the remainder laugh or sneer, but the whole recorded history of the world tells of the exploitation of beauty and climate. All archaeological research shows the most elaborate structures on preferred locations, and perhaps nothing was ever sold in San Diego with so good an inalienable a title as the beauty and climate.

The immense majority of residents became such because of the livability of the city and there is no doubt how the vote would go if all the visitors to our fair were asked, "If you decided to come to San Diego which of its attributes would govern your decision?"

Our Exposition itself, compelled by environment, grew into a Garden of Eden, and when in years to come Darby says to Joan, "These eastern winters pinch my old limbs and the summers take all the gimp out of me, let us pull up stakes and travel west till we meet the breezes of the Pacific," both minds will revert to the balmy land where they fed the pigeons and wandered among the flowers in the sunshine, and did not care a whoop what was inside the white palace walls.

Both beauty and factory advocates admit they want population. Way inside them they mean customers in their stores, orders in their workshops, depositors in their banks. We have sweated blood in hunting factories. Rotary engines and steel plants have but glittered to lead us astray. Why not unite in a great "beauty and climate" campaign. Advertise San Diego all over the country as the best place to live, if you have something to live on, without a sweat or a shiver, and start in right at home to make the most extravagant claim true. Be-

gin with the water front and rest assured every palm will attract a visitor and every foot of esplanade make weary the sole of a tourist till he treads it again as a proud owner.

Oh! our glorious water front, with its wonderful possibilities and its abominable realities. May the man with the vision and the power to make others see it arrive before it is too late.

What Iris Require

By DEAN IRIS GARDENS

IN the August number of the California Garden, we notice an article refers to the Germanica Iris as not blooming well in San Diego. If growing in very sandy soil, that may be the cause, otherwise there must be some remedy or solution to the difficulty. The Germanica type of Iris in common with some of the other species, do better in a heavy soil, yet we have seen them bloom well enough in sandy soil to repay one for their cultivation. Some of the Germanica type are also better bloomers than others. They should not be allowed to grow too long without dividing, must have good drainage, plenty of water when making flowering stem and during the blooming period, and given some rest to allow the rhizomes to ripen.

We notice a horticulturist in replying to an inquirer as to why her Iris did not bloom as well in California as in Michigan, said they were a bog plant and required a lot of water. If it was Germanica Iris she referred to it is likely his advice was not of much assistance, as she lived north, near San Francisco where many do not water their Iris at all, yet with their abundant rainfall they are a splendid success.

We visited a place last Fall, where we had sold a splendid collection of Iris three years previously. The gardener told us their soil was not adapted to the Iris, they did not do well there. We found them planted in a large bed in the lawn, heavily mulched with horse manure, and thoroughly saturated with water not a particle of drainage and the plants looked thoroughly sick and discouraged. We felt like lifting them and taking them home with us so as to give them a chance to revive. Only a few feet away was a large Palm tree surrounded with a row of Iris, as fine a lot of plants as one would wish to see. A shallow trench between Palm and Iris allowed of drainage, and of course the Palm took up the excessive moisture. Some of the Beardless Irises would have done beautifully in that wet soggy bed.

If we can be of any assistance in locating the trouble with the Germanica Iris at San Diego, we shall be pleased to do so. A flower that is coming so rapidly to the front is worth making some effort to learn how to cultivate. Only this week we received a letter from a customer on the Atlantic Coast, telling us of the great interest shown in the Iris at the late Boston Flower Show. There is a "great interest in the Iris" in the East she says.

We should like to see some of the other species tried in San Diego, or if they have been tried, to hear the results. The charming winter-blooming *I. stylosa* should succeed there as well as many others of the Beardless species.

The *Regelio-cyclus* Irises we think would prove very amenable to conditions in San Diego. These are hybrids of the *Oncocyclus* and *Regelia*, introduced by the same firm in Holland who has given us the Dutch Irises referred to by Miss Matthews. She speaks of there being no yellow forms of the Dutch Irises as yet. There are two or three, but probably no one is offering them except the introducer, as they are very expensive yet in comparison with the other varieties. The finest is a brilliant yellow, very large flower and long flowering stem. *I. tingitana*, with lavender standards of different shades, and blue falls with yellow blotch, is as fine as any of the Dutch Irises, and blooms considerably earlier than they do. All of the *Xiphion* section would do well where the Spanish Irises succeed, but the Juno Irises again require a heavy soil.

Note—Someone gave Mrs. K. two Iris bulbs and without knowing anything of their requirements, she planted them in the bed with the lilies, on the north side of the house. That was all the personal attention they received, but in due time they grew, budded and blossomed into blooms of what we considered wonderful beauty, which would seem to indicate that the growing of Iris in San Diego is a matter of finding the varieties which make themselves at home here.—G. T. K.

The Dahlia

Alfred D. Robinson

NEED I say that I paid particular attention to the Dahlias during my recent stay in San Francisco? I find my notes quite cryptic, and do not guarantee that names are strictly correct but am sure that I saw fine blooms labelled with just about the same number of letters.

In the Holland section of the Exposition gardens I selected three dahlias, *Hortulanus Fiet* (that name is correct, I have verified it) a very large creamy pink with deeper markings of decorative type; *Wodan*, that is no novelty, and *Souvenir de Maurice Rivoire*; and in other departments *Snowden*, a white cactus, *Bertha von Suttner*, a yellow, and *Walkure* a big sulphur yellow.

In Golden Gate Park by the conservatory these pleased me, *Lucifer*, *Miss T. G. Baker*, *Enchantress*, *C. E. Wilkins* and *Countess of Malmsburg*. That they seemed worthy of record is all the information that remains besides their names, still I shall try them if procurable and readers must do as they please.

Evidently by the time I got over to the Nurserymen's gardens I had begun to doubt my ability to carry everything but the name in my head, for notes extend to color. The honor roll here is as follows, and my memory being so much clearer would indicate that this section most impressed me. (I have it now, I was here on a Sunday). *Mrs. J. J. Crow* a yellow cactus, *Mrs. Winstanley* an orange, and a well named *Flamingo*. *Britannia* is a beautiful creamy flesh, of full round form, each petal turned a trifle at the end giving a distinctive touch, *Mrs. Mawley* is merely mentioned. *Exquisite* appears to have been a bright orange, *Andrew Carnegie* got in on his name alone, next to the *Bride* a white *Paeony*, and the last and most striking was *Harry Lauder*. *Harry Lauder* is of the type of *Gustave Doazan* but of a distinct rose color. I asked other enthusiasts who were making notes how they would describe the color but all they would vouch-safe was that they liked it and were going to have one but they willingly accepted my definition of rose. There was no lady in sight, so I hope I shall be excused if on trial a color specialist shall take exception to my "rose". This is a wonderful dahlia and grown in a large mass by itself should be stunning.

Seeing a bunch of *Geisha* dahlias in a florist's window I went in and found the proprietor another one as far as dahlias were concerned. His interest in them was as a cut flower possibility and he regarded as requi-

sites a long stiff stem carrying the bloom straight without a neck and of course free flowering habit and good keeping quality. His pet so far was a ruddy purple, if there be such a thing, named *Minnie Kittwell* (?) and he pridefully exhibited some that had been in the store two days. Others that had given modified satisfaction were *Antoine Rivoire* and *Delice*.

Perhaps with the one exception of fuchsias, dahlias are most generally found in the gardens of San Francisco. The old stiff magenta balls are in the tiny plots that front the old scroll saw houses and the lovely new things around the lawns of the severe square modern structures.

Returning to San Diego my respect for the dahlia is enhanced a hundredfold, it is so adaptable. In the city of the north it fitted in with cloudy skies and overcoats, here it makes a riot of color in brilliant sunshine. In the north it grows low, makes less stem to its flowers, but is evenner in color and flowers rule larger.

My beds of *Deazon* that I left with some hundred great flowers, on my return had doubled their height and nodded more than a thousand heads at me, a glorious color effect that amply offset the loss in size of individual bloom. Once again I plead for beds of one variety. Because of the absence of such I saw no effective dahlia planting up north. Perhaps I should modify this by stating that I was told of a very large single variety planting.

There is not much that can be said as to care of plants that has not already been told. All seed pods must be kept off and spent wood pruned right back, keep fertilising and water. Be sure and mark your plants before they quit blooming, and arrange your planting for next year now while the color and habit is before you. If you have a neighbor that has a heterogeneous mixture like yours, trade around, give him your pinks for his reds or vice versa. Should you want to replace your dahlias with something else cut off the tops but don't dig the tubers right away, but if you must, bury them again for a while in sand or dry earth as they are not mature.

If any reader will plant dahlias for color next year this magazine will furnish a planting list on demand.

Have YOU secured two new subscribers to *California Garden*?



Monthly Excursion

Through Exposition Grounds

By G. R. GORTON

SEPTEMBER might well be called a month of maturity. Comparatively speaking, there are not many plants coming into flower, but, instead, the flowers of many are maturing into fruit, sometimes in the form of bright, showy berries, sometimes in more somber tints.

The Pittosporums generally, are in various stages of coming into berry. *P. rhombifolium* (one good group is in front of the Administration Building) is particularly showy with its bright orange-colored berries and its clean, glossy foliage. It might be well to mention two other of the plants in the same group in front of this building, viz. the *Leptospermum lanigerum* (with foliage somewhat suggesting the small-leaved type of *Myrtus communis*, mentioned later on) planted on either side of the steps. There is nothing especially conspicuous about this shrub except its location, but it is a good shrub, and should be more generally planted. The other plant is the *Mesembryanthemum geminatum* used as an edging for the planting of Cecil Brunners, and is at this writing bearing its masses of diminutive white flowers.

In the "Gardens of Montezuma" nearby (between the Fine Arts and Indian Arts Building), where Spanish colors abound, the curious *Capsicum* lantern has hung out its lanterns of green, yellow, and red. This interesting plant grows and trims its own Christmas tree, albeit somewhat previous in the procedure, and the lanterns are hot, as good lanterns should be. The fruits referred to are true peppers, lantern-shaped, as the name lantern signifies, and as the ripening process continues, are to be seen in the three colors mentioned.

The well known Jerusalem Cherry is trying its best to resemble a working model of a cherry tree two feet in height and has been quite successful, so far.

The tall African Marigolds are present in two varieties, Orange Prince and Lemon Queen, their pompon-like flowers, borne on long, strong stems, make them thoroughly deserving of the royal titles they bear. The more modest French Marigolds dwarf in type, with tiny single flowers are very attractive in a quiet way. This variety is Legion of Honor.

Amarantus Caudatus is both interesting and ornamental, bearing long, drooping spikes or plumes of red, and is the old-fashioned flower known to our grandmothers as "Love-lies-bleeding".

Passing out of the Gardens of Montezuma via the southeast exit, past the Heliotrope borders and keeping to the left, one comes to where four walks join, forming several little "points of land". On two of these *Hypericum moserianum* (St. John's Wort or Goldflowers) holds forth, on another a group of larger shrubs, including some rather large Golden Privet, which is not firm in the faith, but is continually backsliding to the plain green type. Just before this group is reached, on the left is a group of *Muehlenbeckia platyclados*, or Tape Plant, readily recognizable from the common name, as the leafless branches are flat, about an inch in width. Looking back towards the west for a moment you will observe an edging of *Chaenostoma hispida*, a very useful plant for this purpose, being dwarf in habit, and covered with masses of tiny white flowers.

Resuming progress along the walk leading to the Kern-Tulare Building, your attention will perhaps be attracted by a giant Chilean Rhubarb (*Gunnera Chilensis*), which is in the sub-tropical group which skirts the edge of Palm Canon. The Gunnera is a very satisfactory plant for such groupings, bearing, as it does, enormous rough leaves, several feet in length, with spiny petioles. It is not, however, related in any way to the edible Rhubarb, which is to be regretted, as there is no immediate possibility of hybridizing so as to obtain an edible rhubarb with stalks five or six feet in length, as in this so called Rhubarb. A disappointment indeed.

A short distance to the north, on the arcade east of the Indian Arts Building, is one of the finest effects from *Solanum jasminoides* (the Potato Vine) which have been obtained any where upon the grounds, and the rapidity of growth has been almost phenomenal.

Following again along the path, and winding to the west on "La Avenida de Los Estados" towards the state building, on the right there is a continuous planting of *Tecoma ricasolina* (Mackenii), with a liberal sprinkling of *Pittosporum crassifolium*, a pleasing shrub with thick leathery leaves clothed with a silvery down.

North of the esplanade, facing the Organ Pavilion, the combination of Heliotrope with *Acacia verticillata* is proving to be quite effective, and will be more so when the *Acacia* are in flower, and a blue and gold combination thereby presented.

In the Conard & Jones canna exhibit, north of the California Building the new

canna San Diego has brought forth its promised bloom. The plants are still recovering from the shock of their journey, and will be better later on, but a fairly accurate idea of the bloom may be obtained. The introducers describe the flower as a "Chinese orange or Persian yellow", the buds as dark bronze, the foliage as golden bronze, and state that it will attain about the same height as the variety Mrs. A. F. Conard. Near this exhibit, across the walk on the east, a specimen of *Bauhinia grandiflora* is coming into flower. This shrub or small tree bears pure white, butterfly-like flowers which have the interesting habit of unfolding at night. This plant is found in its native state in the Andes, and is sometimes known as Mountain Ebony.

In the Botanical Building the curious *Philodendron selloum* is commencing to flower. This specimen is to be found on the east side of the glass house, almost to the rear of the building. The leaves of this species are quite similar to those of its close relative, the *Monstera deliciosa*, excepting that they are deeply cleft, without being perforated, and are somewhat larger than those of the *Monstera*, being two or three feet in length and about half as broad. The flowers are white, and similar in habit to the flowers of the *Monstera*. A group of ornamental leaved *Caladiums* has recently been added to the collection in the lath house. These may be found in almost every imaginable color, variously blotched and striped, but of smaller size than the plain green type.

The *Asparagus Sprengeri* (up high upon the sides of the lath house) is in flower, and the masses of small feathery white flowers are quite decorative, but the berries will be more so when they are borne.

Outside the Botanical building, flanking the seats which line the lagoon the *Myrtis communis* and *M. communis*, var. *microphylla* are also in flower. There are many and diversified plants called "Myrtle," but this is the genuine Myrtle of song and story. The last named is a small leaved variety of the type, and the flowers of both are white, and about the size of a penny.

Muehlenbeckia complexa, variously known as the "Wire Vine, Maiden Hair Vine," etc., the latter name being best descriptive, is not exactly showy when in bloom, as it is now, the flowers being very small, white, and not very numerous, but a closer examination of the individual flower will reveal a beauty unsuspected at a distance. The flowers will be discovered to be of a delicate waxy texture, quite translucent, and with a very black center which furnishes a striking contrast to the white of the petals. The vine itself is a very useful and graceful subject for many purposes.

Over in the Lipton Tea Garden, many of

the tea plants are recovering from their temporary indisposition, although many have gone back to stay gone.

The Singalese gardener, experienced in tea growing, says he is convinced now, after these months of experimentation, that tea culture is practicable in this climate—but twenty-five or thirty miles back from the coast. Not long ago a pineapple grower informed us that, in his opinion, commercial pineapple growing was entirely within the realms of possibility. Why doesn't some adventuresome spirit take a chance?

Rhus laurina, our native California Sumach, is in bloom all over the canons and mesas. Right here it might not be out of place to make a plea for our native shrubs. What is the philosophy of cutting out such native shrubs as *Rhus laurina*, *R. integrifolia* (the "Lemonade Berry") the various species of *Ceanothus*, etc., etc., and planting in their stead ungrateful exotics which often do not respond to the lavish care, which if bestowed in like degree upon shrubs which are indigenous, would transform them from "brush" to ornamental shrubs worthy to grace anyone's yard.

Apropos of native plants, the exceedingly rapid growth of the Monterey Cypress on the west slope of Cabrillo canon, south of the bridge, has been a matter of much interest to those who know them to be a very scant four years of age from seed. But they have not ceased to perform wonders, inasmuch as they are apparently bearing masses of bright blue flowers. The flowers, however, are the product of some *Convolvulus* which was planted as a ground cover, and which promises to become a tree cover as well, but just now is very attractive by way of contrast to the mass of green foliage.

The two *Agaves* in the urns on Cabrillo bridge, which have been gradually coming into flower, both further distinguished themselves by blowing over and out of their containers, and having to be rescued and replanted. However, having its roots exposed to the hot sun for a half day or so is a trifling matter for an *Agave*, and so the flowering process is uninterrupted, and the flowering shoots of twenty-five or thirty feet in height continue to attract visitors, both human and winged, as the flowers seem to be very popular with the humming birds and bees.

WORTH TRYING

In the Holland exhibit at San Francisco is a bed of *ceanothus Gloire de Versailles*. It is dwarf in habit and very floriferous and was in full bloom in August.

Buddleia magnifica is a shrub with large trusses of deep purple bloom. There is another variety with much inferior blossoms.

Cottoneasters should be planted more freely. When full of their plumlike berries they are most attractive.

Pickings and Peckings in Golden Gate Park

By The Early Bird

IN the August Garden the name of McLaren was coupled with mine in a way that might be interpreted to mean that some foolish person places me in his class, therefore be it said that there is no such person and John of the North is in a class by himself. Nevertheless it is a fact that I made a tour of Golden Gate Park conducted by the Superintendent himself and no one else was along except by own family. I am frankly somewhat inflated by this special attention, nevertheless I shall endeavor to tell about it with becoming modesty.

First let me introduce Mr. McLaren, for while he has written a wonderful book about Gardening, there is nothing in it about himself. I don't mean his personal history nor a description in color of his plaid, perhaps you have guessed he is Scotch, those seem to properly belong to his private account, but the man himself that looks with racial solemnity through eyes that see everything and everybody with kindly humor. He is the Cnietain of the Clan McLaren whose business in life it is to see that Golden Gate Park ever grows more beautiful and efficient. All the attaches of the Park we met that day were evidently pleased to meet the boss and generally were greeted with something a little more warming to the cockles of the heart than a mere "good-day." On another occasion when I was alone I put certain questions to an employe, or so I judged him from appearance and environment, as to the Superintendent's connection with the Park and uncorked one of the most heartfelt eulogies to which I ever listened. I am not writing this to taffy the subject out to illustrate a pet theory that it takes a considerable leaven of the milk of human kindness to make a good gardener.

At the outset of the trip we climbed, by gasoline of course to the top of Buena Vista Park to take in the view, but the view being somewhat obscured, and it is an indication of the character of the guide that he made no reference to the fog being very unusual, I was told that Mayor Rolph believes in Parks, more Parks and then some, and that he had just succeeded in purchasing Twin Peaks for the City, also that a Crocker had given a tract on Potrero Hill for a Park and that these and existing Parks were to be tied together by a boulevard of 32 miles. Since my return I have learned that one of our business men came back full of enthusiasm for the spirit of San Francisco as opposed to the tendency of Southern burghs which unduly featured "beauty and climate". The northern city hav-

ing shown its opposition by the installation of four great hay bailing plants. Beauty advocates may well claim that these things of straw and wire are fully offset by the above recited acquisitions and an appropriation of \$461,000 for Parks and Recreation, which many citizens hope to see increased to a million.

By the Lodge were some wonderful fuchsias grown up poles a perfect colonade twenty feet high. I never admired fuchsias so much nor so fully understood why we don't grow them like that. We have not the climate and I don't wish to further particularise than to say that I am resigned to live without them. Fuchsias play a prominent part in the park and the baby variety belies its name by covering a whole garden plot. I turned green with envy at the flourishing rhododendrons and almost suspected their planter of a touch of raillery as he extolled their virtues. He knows we cannot have them.

In the nursery department was a wonderful hedge of *Eugenia corniculata*, the bloom of which is like a double white hawthorn. Its sponsor said it is a sight for sore eyes when in full bloom, and there also I learned of a pink and a red *Leptospermum, Nicholii* is one of them but which I cannot say. Ericas of many kinds came in for specific eulogies and seemed to deserve them, also appear in my notes *Templetonia retusa* and *Menzesia*. I remember I said, I must have one of these two last, but should confess that now I put them down mainly because they sound so well. There is a special walled off plot where new things are tried out and mostly found wanting. The mere new or rare is not attractive to the Superintendent (I wished I dare call him John, it would save so much space) this is well illustrated by his deep affection for that commonest of all acacias, *Latifolia*. No *Baileyana* or *Podarifolia* can oust it from its entrenchment, with it he tackled sand and wind and won out and they still clasp hands over lawn and flower bed.

Leaving the nursery a bed of *Pleroma Splendens* was noted in passing. It was six or seven feet high and full of its wonderful royal purple flowers but its foliage which I had believed its chief beauty was yellow and insignificant.

It appears that one DeLavagea gave \$2500 (San Diego millionaires please take notice) to improve a fern glen near Beartown and the result must be gratifying to him dead or alive. Under indigenous oaks at the head of a little canyon lies a quiet pool, one of those deep woods reservoirs nearly filled with brown leaves and having in it like some great

saurian a recumbent log green with age and moisture, out of which grows a fringe of baby fern so close to the water that they have only to stoop a wee bit to get a drink. Great tree ferns border this pool and stalk down the canyon, their plummy tops mingling with the branches of the trees. In the angles of the oak trunks staghorn ferns cling and their antlers strike another green tone. If you must know the varieties the black-trunked big ferns are *Syleyatheia midularis*, another giant is *Cibotium Glaucum* and of course *Alsophila Australis*. The log in the water came from across the bay in Marin County and the big rock is worthy of notice because it is not a rock at all but a counterfeit in cement. Chief John (let us compromise) saw the original and his heart yearned after it but it was up in the mountain top tip top and too heavy to move, so he sent one of his clan most cunning in the making of moulds and he stole the old rocks shape while it slept and brought it down to the Fern glen and there into it was poured the mess that becomes stone, and the moss and the moisture have made it a piece with its surroundings and the cement thanks John McLaren every night that it did not go to make sidewalk.

Now the chief was getting better acquainted, he saw I would join the clan if I might so he commenced my real education. You are going pretty strong on this lath house racket aint you? I admitted it. What do you want a Lathhouse for, why don't you grow one? By now we had arrived in front of the bandstand and I was introduced to the lathhouse a la McLaren. This was a round bed completely shaded by acacia latifolia trained flat about three feet from the ground and under it grew pink begonias. Frankly I thought it more odd than beautiful and still say to San Diegans, "have a lathhouse or regret it."

Close by is the Japanese garden, a relic of the Midwinter Fair and much more pleasing than when it formed part of that Midway of the Exposition disease now gloriously coming to an end in the two examples filling the eye and the ear and emptying the pocket on the coast.

In this garden *Nandina domestica* forms a hedge, peacock cypress gleam golden in the sun and bamboo encircles the whole plot and they all have gotten over that foreign exiled air that pertains in most of such gardens. Up in a pine tree was a Japanese tree artist with a long pruner and he carefully removed small branches and twigs till he exposed the skeleton and obtained that tracery effect his people love. By crescent bridges that spanned crooked pools in which goldfish played among lily pads, round porcelain blue lanterns and grey stone ones, we climbed up the slope and passing through a hole in the fence reached a knoll upon which was being constructed a replica of a Japanese shrine. Down in the

flat irregularly placed in the grass were clumps of Iris that drank from the drainage of a long slender winding pond with arms that disappeared under overhanging greenery. Appropriate shrubbery, low growing and variegated, lines its banks and a single flat stone spanned its isthmus. From its head rose steeply wide steps to where a large Torii will span the entrance through the inner fence, Torii and fence made of redwood wrought by Japanese. Inside this, more steps, a small platform and the carved shrine yet empty of its god. On each side of these last steps filling the remaining space inside the fence were pools in which a rock supported a giant bronze eagle on either side, and out of a large lotus the water sprayed playing with three balls like a skillful juggler. The chief demanded of the lessee a venerable Japanese. "Where did you get the bronzes and where will you get the Buddha?" and learned that the latter awaited the completion of his shrine in the house close by and had arrived with the eagles from Japan. I learned then that the Park provided what material could be had in America and the lessee of the garden what must be imported with the necessary labor. "We have got to shut down on Hawagara, he spends too much money," said the chief, with preternatural solemnity and was met with a knowing chuckle that showed that there was a foreign member of the clan McLaren. Looking at this latest improvement one cannot but be struck by the thought that this hill has been preparing for years for it. Round its crest grow tall eucalyptus sending their slender grey trunks bare of branch or foliage up into the sky and this blending of Australia and Japan is as perfect as rightly blended tea and shows that all the world's akin. I wish I knew Hawagara (perhaps that is not his name) so that I could sit with him and his daughter among his Penates and hear him talk of Fuji-Yama and cherry blossom time. Would he exhale the spirit that gave us of the West an inkling of what a flower might be to a household, a mountain become a spirit pointing upwards, a picture in half a dozen lines, or has he come under the spell of the movie? It may be he has escaped, for his daughter still wears her native dress and perhaps dreams of meeting her fate under the wistaria blossoms in the moonlight. Some day I am going back there and wonder some more but now the auto honks impatiently and on we go past Stow lake where the Pelicans of the Nile stand on the shore of an island and foolishly try to preen their always wet plumage with that impossible bill, and the devotees of light fishing tackle and the artificial fly eternally cast out and reel in again, by Torrey Pines that in their new home grow straight and symmetrical and lose their individuality, on to the seashore where the city plans a model esplanade to balk the thieving waves that ceaselessly wash away

the sand. That great windmill is not a mere ornament, it pumps vast volumes every day and sends the water back that the earth may be green. With motor by morning, and this and another mill in the afternoon, millions of gallons are pumped every day at a cost of three-quarters of a cent per thousand gallons. Ye gods—and this in a land of much rainfall, no wonder the grass and trees are green and plentiful and lakes abound.

Up Sutro Heights, with the barking of the seals on the rocks below in our ears, we pass to what was the city cemetery, now a grass covered golf course. The signs of its former occupation confined to clumps of cypress and the cement parallelograms where the Chinese and Japanese deposited the baked meats and sweetstuff to sustain the soul in its journey to a better land, and which the irreverent western hobo promptly requisitioned to his more pressing needs.

Down at Bakers Beach has arrived a charmingly contoured subdivision, where sheltered

from the wind flowers bloom gaily by white walls whose plain outlines contrast with the eternal fussiness of earlier architecture. Shortly we enter the block wide parking that ties the Presidio to the Park, a mere straight level road with sidewalk and some trees and grass, yet one of those touches that shall redeem our people from blind materialism. This stretch was pure sand, level to the street grade. What was to be done? Excavate, then fill, was not within the capacity of the budget, so soil was superimposed and the result, a road with sloping sidewalk above the road and back of it a little hill of shrubbery.

This was the last exhibit. If I have been unduly familiar with my guide I beg him to have me excused and to remember that great public service makes a public character and public characters once made never again belong to themselves but to the unfeeling public which insists upon all the privileges of ownership.

The September Garden

By MISS MARY MATTHEWS

SEPTEMBER is a busy month in the garden. Go over the whole place, clean up walks and flower beds, look over your vines and shrubs. Where they are through blooming, cut out superfluous, straggling branches, tack up the main branches, look for insects so often found where dead leaves, trash, etc., accumulate in the lathing or netting and burn them.

Chrysanthemums will still need constant care, disbud frequently, look for suckers at the root and cut them away, and do not at any time let the plant flag for lack of water. One dry spell may ruin your whole crop of blooms. If you did not plant freesias last month, do not delay longer if you want fine blooms. Also put in paper white narcissus, jonquils, snowflakes, oxalis, etc. If you lift any of these at this time you will find they are already putting out numbers of small, white roots, getting ready for the winter's growth, their resting period is short.

If your amaryllis or belladonna are through blooming, cut off the flower stalk and in about ten days or two weeks they will be ready for lifting or dividing. So many persons complain that their bulbs of belladonna do not bloom the year they are planted. I think this is caused by too late planting and often a lack of a good, heavy irrigation about the time the bloom stalks are due.

The hymenocallis, or sea daffodill, have been handsome in various yards, also in the Exposition grounds this season. Their foliage commences to turn yellow a short time after blooming, and when this dies down is the best time to lift the bulbs and take off sets. They can be left in the ground three or four seasons, however.

Another good bulb that is beginning to be seen quite often, is *Chlidanthus fragrans*, really a yellow amaryllis. Flowers are two or three inches across on slender grassy stems and deliciously sweet scented. This wants a warm spot and abundant moisture. The small off-sets should be taken off every season.

Whole clumps of Japan lilies can be lifted as soon as done blooming, if wanted. Do not delay till spring.

Besides old, well tried favorites, in the bulb line, there are so many new things being brought to light by the explorers and in the way of hybrids and seedlings, that the bulb world is fascinating.

Plant annuals for winter blooming, scarlet flax, calendulas, mignonette, nasturtiums, etc. There is a dull season between winter and spring, when they help to fill the gaps. If you did not plant your pansies last month, you can still put in the seed.

Notice the new beautiful Tacoma Mackenii


that is blooming around town at this season. They are rank, thrifty growers and soon hide a bare spot on a wall or trellis. Oleanders, too, are fine this summer. They are quick growers, but need to be washed off with the hose every few days to keep them free of scale.

Put in sweet peas now for Christmas blooming, the Zevolanecks are the best for this purpose, so far.

Look your garden over and see what you have that can be brought to perfection for the fall show.

Begonias Attracting Attention

Mrs Frank Waite

 HE eager interest shown in begonias and begonia culture, since a "Begonia Day" was held by the San Diego Floral Association, and since the publication of an article on the subject by the California Garden, encourages the hope I have long had that San Diego will some day become really famous for its masses and varieties of this choicest of all flowers.

Our climate gives us the opportunity for this desired result. We can grow begonias here to greater perfection, in greater masses, and in greater variety than is possible anywhere else in the whole United States. Florida cannot compete with us, as Florida has its too occasional "northers" which put unprotected begonias out of the blooming. And, even in California, a line is drawn a short distance north of San Diego above which the period of chill persists too long for the perfection of out-door begonias.

I know by experience that a long list of begonias can be grown here in lath houses and in gardens through all the seasons with perfect success as to unblemished foliage and abundance of bloom.

This being true, it makes opportunity for San Diego to become as distinguished in fame for its begonias as is Portland for its roses, and I feel that this is an opportunity to be grasped.

When I say that out of my experience I know that begonias can be grown out of doors at all seasons, I do not mean that I recommend that they be planted in all kinds of bald and exposed places. There are places just right for begonias, and there are just as certainly places that are entirely wrong for them. With few exceptions—as, for instance the towering tree varieties, Flammariion and Yosemite—the begonia suggests daintiness and delicacy, and should be given an environment in accordance with such suggestions. Begonias should be planted in nooks and corners, and in places sheltered from the full force of the wind and the direct rays of an all-day sun. A begonia bed with a western background of taller growing foli-

age plants, say of bamboo, is ideal, but of course the bamboo is not an absolute necessity, as a long list of shrubs might be adopted as substitutes that would be just as good. Usually the north side and frequently the east side of a building makes a satisfactory place for the begonia bed, and this is particularly true if the east side has a sheltering "L" to the south, to afford an increased shade. In such locations, when suitable soil is provided, an attractive list of begonias can be grown the year round, and the bloom will be persistent.

Furthermore, I do not wish to be understood as recommending that all kinds of begonias be planted out of doors even in sheltered and protected places. There are certain varieties that do not belong out of doors at all in any land or climate. I should not plant any variety of Rex out of doors, nor should I so plant a Haageana, nor a Metallica, nor a Marguerite, nor a Flammarian, nor a Yosemite, nor any other of the varieties having velvety foliage or leaves with the much desired silky texture. An acquaintance with such plants makes obvious the reasons for their special protection. Out of doors the nap of the velvety foliage would inevitably accumulate more or less dust, and the brilliancy and shades of coloring in the foliage would be at least dimmed.

However, the list of varieties available for outdoor planting is ample. It embraces, of course, all the everblooming bedding varieties, such as the several colored Vermons, the Sea Shell with its crystal white center and pink edge, crimson Luminosa, the dainty pink Erfordia, the spreading Mignon, and the taller growing Salmon Queen. All these flourish splendidly in their proper places in the open garden. But to them may be added a number of the larger growing varieties, such as the leathery leaved Rubra, scarlet and pink, and its close kin, Princess Alice, also the Fuchioides Coccinia, the Hybride Multiflora, the Robusta, the ever blooming and deliciously fragrant Nitada, the Odorata

Continued on Page 15

First Impressions of Panama Canal

By JOSHUA L. BAILEY, Jr.

POSSIBLY the greatest surprise in store for one who travels from coast to coast for the first time by way of the Panama Canal is the beauty and luxuriance of the tropical vegetation. The illustrated lecturers, who for the past two or three years have been discharging their orations into the ears of interested audiences, seem to have directed their attention while in the Canal Zone to the work wrought by the hand of man, to the complete neglect of what nature has accomplished unassisted. The result is that those who stay at home are impressed by a stupendous array of statistics about locks and cuts and spillways and hear great emphasis laid upon the difficulties of a sanitary nature that twice defeated French companies, and which had to be overcome before the nation could have any hope of success, and have given no idea how beautiful the landscape is through which the waterway has been dug.

The neglect of the scenery by lecturers is even more striking when one notices how successfully the engineers have practised the "Art of Concealing Art." Except at one point, Gold Hill, in the Culebra Cut, there are no steam shovels, or anything else, lying around to proclaim to travellers the triumphs of man over nature; rather, man and nature have joined forces to produce a new kind of beauty. The myriad lights lining the channel, winking periodically like so many gigantic noctilucae throughout the night, lend a peculiar beauty all their own to the scene, which is more than doubly augmented by their reflection in the water. Even the posts which support them resemble the columns of a Greek temple. There are no scarred hillsides to mar the landscape, even where huge slides have taken place, interfering with inter-oceanic traffic, for here where it rains part of almost every day in the year, it is only a short time until the vegetation recuperates, regaining its former verdance.

The vegetation is denser than any in this country, except that painted on the boards of theatre stages, but let it be clearly understood that these two are comparable only in point of density. The nearest approach to the Panama jungle occurring in San Diego is possibly the Canada de las Palmas, but even this falls short of the attainments of the tropics. Ferns and mosses of various kinds abound, reaching a most surprising size. The royal palms cast a dense shade over the lower growth, and scattered among these grow trees, the names of which seem to be unknown to the majority

of residents. They are about fifty feet in height, with cylindrical, effulgent trunks, marked at intervals of perhaps a foot by a series of horizontal rings. The foliage is confined to the top of the trunk and is so dense that even a field glass fails to disclose whether it is deciduous or not.

It should be borne in mind that originally the Chagres river was a stream about the size of Pensacuitas Creek, and the building of the dam converted this into the largest artificial body of water in the world, the result has been that many trees have been submerged, others have been strangled, their mute nakedness bearing witness of a day that is dead. But nature will not be discouraged. Heavy lianes, with no counterparts outside the tropics, are busy concealing these dead trunks under a display of foliage that would be impossible elsewhere. Large patches of red ornamented these lianes, but whether they were bunches of fruit or blossoms could not be distinguished. If the lianes were in bloom, however, they were the only instance of a plant actually in flower that I saw in the jungle. The prevailing color was green, and it was a green so dark and dense that it looked not so much like an assemblage of small leaves as one big leaf. The density was constant and continuous. Yet there must be a great efflorescence somewhere, as I saw a "Spickety" carrying a bouquet that would have ornamented the Woman's Headquarters in the California State Building.

The question has often been raised, whether a careful planting of vines on the sides of the Culebra cut would have any effect on land slides. While such procedure would doubtless diminish the number of small slides which are continually taking place, necessitating the presence of two dredges at Gold Hill, working every night while the canal is closed to all except government traffic, I doubt whether it would have any effect at all on the larger slides, which seem to be due to inconformity. The surface soil is a decomposed shale, resting on a metamorphic rock apparently of igneous origin, which seems barren of any vegetable growth. Another factor is the occurrence of numerous waterfalls on the South American side of the cut, due to its intersection with natural water courses. Some of these are quite beautiful, and will be even more so when their appearance of newness has been worn off.

If the canal is beautiful by day, it is infinitely more so by evening. Lying so near the equator the twilight is short, but in that so short period a great transformation takes

place. As we watch the sun descending behind Balboa Hill, and see the rainbow melting into orange on a violet background, and note the pelicans slowly flopping up into the dead branches to go to roost, the lights begin to appear one by one, for like the stars, they burn continuously, being obscured by the brighter light of the sun dividing the day. A large opaque splotch of brown suddenly

falls from a nearby limb, and expands its soft wings noiselessly, and we see an owl fly away into the forest. Myriad night moths, as large as humming birds, wing their unpiloted course across the sky, and here and there a dark splash is evidence of things not seen. And then the Southern Cross arises above the same horizon behind which it is to sink a few hours later. The jungle is awake.

Some Recent Planting Around City Hotels

RUTH INGERSOLL ROBINSON



AMONG the recent and most attractive plantings undertaken by the owners and managers of San Diego hotels, is that surrounding the New Palace Hotel. The fact that this hotel is built upon a down-town lot has not deterred the manager from adding to the beauty of the immediate environs. The patio tho' floored with concrete has been made more inviting to the guests by the addition of large palms growing in Japanese tubs of artistic design.

The vacant lot back of the New Palace Hotel has been skillfully converted into a sunken garden. The shasta daisies, the white candy-tuft, the cosmos and the borders of the blue lobelia have added to the pleasure of every passer-by during the last few months.

This enterprising hotel man has not confined his activity to his own property, but has leased the corner across from the New Palace and has built a wire trellis, over which is spreading a thrifty growth of the potato-vine" that has proved so decorative in our Exposition.

Along the Eastern exposure of the Hotel Lanier is a garden that delights the residents of the neighborhood as greatly as it does the guests.

Here is found a crisp, green grass plot ornamented in the center by a dense growth of banana-trees. Ferns and papyrus thrive in the cool shelter close to the building; and then to the north the ornamental grape vine wends its way thru' a lath roof and spreads a welcome shade. The ivy and the morning-glory have found congenial surroundings and are beautifying the concrete walls of the hotel. Among the distinctive flowering plants found here are the pink and blue hydrangeas, and vari-colored roses. These blossoms are especially attractive where the background is composed almost entirely of the many shades of green foliage.

The glass enclosed portion of this garden is adorned with hanging baskets of ferns, potted palms, and boxes of trailing mesembryanthemum, and is a favorite meeting place of guests of the hotel.

The all-encompassing view obtained from the roof-garden of the San Diego Hotel is not the only reason why we should travel to the top of this building. We find on the roof, swings, and tea tables covered with a thatch of palm leaves. There also, the brightest red geranium grows, and puts forth a glorious array of bloom which delights the Easterner who gazes in wonder and remembers a delicate plant which she tended with such care "at home".

"The California Garden" congratulates these gardeners who in improving their own premises have added to the sum of happiness of all guests and casual observers.

RULES TO PREVENT MOUNTAIN FIRES

Precautions of the simplest kind would eliminate most of the loss resulting from forest fires, as shown by reports on the causes of the fires in the reserves last season.

1. Be sure your match is out before you throw it away.
2. Knock out your pipe ashes or throw away your cigar or cigarette stump where there is nothing to catch fire.
3. Don't build a camp fire any larger than is absolutely necessary. Never leave it even for a short time without putting it out with water or dirt.
4. Don't build a camp fire against a tree or a log. Build a small one where you can scrape away the needles, leaves or grass from all sides of it.
5. If you discover a fire, put it out if possible; if you can't put it out, get word to the nearest U. S. forest ranger or state fire warden just as quickly as you possibly can.

A SUGGESTION TO OUR CITY FATHERS

Why not pass an ordinance compelling all new and relaid sidewalks to carry in plain letters the names of streets at every intersection? It would work a hardship on no one and provide quite stable and inconspicuous signs.

The California Garden

Alfred D. Robinson, Editor
G. T. Keene, Manager

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The San Diego Floral Association

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SEPTEMBER REGULAR MEETING

The September regular meeting of the Floral Association will be held Tuesday evening, the 21st, at the W. S. Dorland residence, Seventh and Upas. Pres. A. D. Robinson will tell of his recent visit to Golden Gate Park, with Supt. John McLaren as pilot, and others will join in the discussion of the plantings in San Francisco parks and exposition. Take Third or Fifth Street cars to Upas and walk east to Seventh.

SEPTEMBER OUT-DOOR MEETING

The September Out-Door meeting will be held Tuesday afternoon, the 28th, at the home of Mrs. Sefton-Campbell, on Point Loma. The planting of these new grounds will be of exceptional interest to members of the Floral association. Take Ocean Beach cars at 2:30 from Fourth and Broadway.

Mrs. Ballard Wall, of San Bernardino, was a recent visitor in San Diego. Mrs. Wall is a very appreciative subscriber to California Garden, and deeply interested in the doings of our Floral Association, as told in this magazine.

The March Craftsman had an article on the architecture and planting scheme of the Dorland residence, where the Floral Association is to meet this month.

Quite a number of Garden subscribers have secured two new subscriptions each, in compliance with the request of the Floral Association board of directors. See if you can get your two before the September meeting.

AUGUST MEETING

The Floral Association met for its August regular meeting on the 17th with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest White, First and Redwood. President Robinson was in San Francisco and Miss Kate Sessions, vice-president, conducted the meeting in her usual capable manner.

Zinnias was the subject for discussion and Miss Sessions had gathered a wonderful collection as prima facie evidence that this "old fashioned" flower is deserving of serious consideration when we are planning our gardens.

Zinnias were introduced into this country in the 60's and in the 80's were called "old fashioned." The first varieties were single, with only three or four rows of petals, but later the new mammoth strains were introduced by the French. There are sixteen known species, the later ones having as many as fifteen rows of petals. Some of the best are zinnia elegans, robusta and grandiflora. They grow easily in good soil, lasting from June or July to November. Fine flowers may be secured from seed planted as late as September. They are effective in large beds and fine color combinations may be worked out. Zinnias like deep, rich, loamy soil.

Besides the zinnias, numerous specimens of new and curious foliage and flowers were produced and discussed at length.

Ralph Sumner, who had just returned from San Francisco, spoke interestingly of the trees, plants and flowers at the northern exposition, giving them all due credit for the excellent results accomplished.

FLOWER SHOW AT LONG BEACH

The Long Beach Horticultural Society will give a Fall Flower Show in the Auditorium in that city, October 20 to 23. All classes of flowers, plants, shrubs, bulbs, fruits, etc., will be included in this exhibition and notice of entries should be sent to Samuel Whitford, Secy., 1508 Appleton St., Long Beach. The society holds regular meetings in the public library on the third Thursday of each month, at 8 p. m., to which all interested are welcome.

Irving J. McCrary, a landscape architect of Denver, and his wife, were recent visitors in San Diego. He was particularly interested in our treatment of home gardens and canyon sides. Mr. McCrary is at present engaged in working out a city beautifying plan for Pueblo, Colo. He incidentally remarked that Denver is spending \$1,800,000 for lands upon which to build a civic center.

A glorious megenta bougainvillea covers the pergola on one of the points of Mission Cliff Gardens. It has the whole pergola to itself so the sensitive eye of the most persnickety will not be offended by a clash of colors. The leaves and the flowers are large, and smooth and rich, and tourists who haven't been told that it is not considered the most desirable variety of bougainvillea, are raving over its beauty.

Death of A. Blochman

It has not been a general practice for the California Garden to note in its pages the passing on of its subscribers, because among them can be found so many different views of the meaning of such events. There have been exceptions and now one has happened again, as A. Blochman must be crossed off the list. Mr. Blochman and his family have supported the Floral Association and its activities since its inception and while extending sympathy to the immediate family it must be observed that the passing of such a man from this sphere of activity is a public loss. The California Garden and Floral Association are proud to reflect that A. Blochman was a part of them from the beginning.

OCTOBER REGULAR MEETING.

The October Regular Meeting will be held on the evening of the 19th at the A. H. Sweet residence, Spruce and Curlew streets. Take No. 3 or 5 cars to First and Spruce and walk across the bridge. Those going in machines will have to go to Walnut, to get around the canyon.

Is Smoke Necessary?

In these days of electric and gasoline power, the smokestack is not necessary as an evidence of industry, and particularly is this true in San Diego, where we have to import all our fuel, and where our raw material to be used in manufacturing is extremely limited. Do we want canneries, both fish and fruit? Most assuredly, and if they require a smokestack to make them efficient and happy, let them have it by all means. Likewise, we want any industry which can utilize the by-products of the citrus fruits, or any other manufacturing industry which has a ghost of a show of success. Surely no one wants to hold the city back in any way. The difference of opinion is only as to what our greatest opportunities really are.

Begonias Attracting Attention

Continued from Page 11

Rosea, and Odorata Alba, the new Catalina, and others, some requiring greater protection than others, but all of possible growth in the open.

I am frequently asked: "Is it too late to plant begonias?" Out of my experience I can say it is not, and I am glad to note that in this I am supported by Miss Mary Matthews, in the last number of the Garden. She says: "You can still plant begonias and fuchsias this month, but not later." I would amend what Miss Matthews says and would say: You can plant begonias this month and next month and keep on planting them until the ground chills, which is usually not until nearly the end of the year.

In fact, I recommend that begonias be planted now, for if they are so planted and become fairly well established before the ground becomes cold, they will during the winter develop a root system which will enable them to make a good showing next season.

The importance of a root system is most distinctly demonstrated in the larger growing tree begonias, a variety more suited for lath houses and pergolas and very sheltered places than in the open. This variety, planted now, will make a root growth this fall and winter, and with the coming spring will send up those sturdy canes which in turn will produce the wonderful panicles of bloom. Under such conditions a growth of cane seven feet high may confidently be expected.

Don't forget the regular and out-door meetings this month.

See page 14 for particulars.

IRISES

If you have room in your garden for but ONE Iris, plant *I. Caterina*. It may be you think you do not care for IRIS—we feel confident you will be pleased with *I. Caterina*.

Even if you have a LARGE collection of Iris, you will want to try *I. Caterina*—it has so many good points to recommend it.

To place it within the reach of all, we are this season offering good, strong plants for 50 cents; extra strong for \$1.00, postpaid.

Our new price list mailed free. Booklet, giving much valuable information on the Iris, with color plate of *I. Caterina*, sent for 15 cents in stamps.

THE DEAN IRIS GARDENS, Moneta (Los Angeles County) California

The Rose

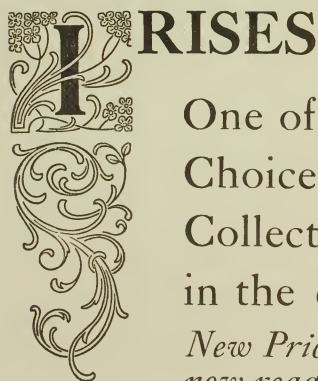
E. G. Hill of Richmond, Indiana, is just like other men in that he walks on feet instead of having wings, as many may have supposed when they hung entranced over a General McArthur rose, that is, if they knew he was the introducer of that lovely thing. He has been in San Diego and modestly claims that next year he will distribute a seedling of McArthur that he has named Hoosier Beauty which will prove its parent's superior, being deeper in color and more double. He spoke with reverence of the roses of Portland and the Holland tuberous begonias at the San Francisco Exposition and left for home with some seed of *Lobelia Cardinalis* from Rosecroft.

The Lath House

Owners of lath houses are advised to read Mrs. Waite's admirable begonia article in this issue. The writer of this note read it in proof and will read it again when the magazine comes out.

As a charming touch of color foliage, nothing is better in the lath house than *Phyllanthus rose opictus*, a small shrub that is used for hedges in Hawaii. The leaves are mottled with pink and red as well as white and green and in a setting of fern it's just darling, or that is how young and pretty ladies address it. There used to be a fine specimen in the garden of H. M. Funk, 3685 2nd St. and Rosecroft has several.

In large lath houses two palms of medium growth ought to be tried, *Caryota Urens*, the Fishtail palm, and *Bacularia monostachna*, the walking cane palm. Both these should flourish.



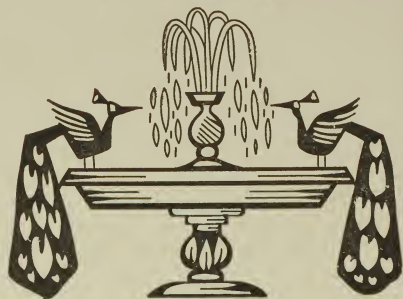
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Flirtatious Females



ASSANDRA and HECUBA now have grandchildren that are beginning to do up their hair, we mean feathers, and look sidewise at the cockerels through the wire fence. These pullets have caused the first falling out between their grandparents over which one's descendant is going to be crowned queen at the big international show at San Francisco next November.

The dispute grew so acrid that it threatened to interfere with their egg production, so we showed them a cousin of their pets that took all the wind out of their sails, and really she is a princess royal. It is on the cards that she brings back the blue to Rosecroft and then will you send back east for Barred Rocks? You will have to, before you buy them from us at present rates.

We don't want to get too prideful, or count our prizes before the ribbons are up, but there are going to be an awful lot of people after Rosecroft Rocks. In fact there are NOW, and we hate to see them leaving the county.

Don't come over to see us if you don't wish to buy, for if you come and look, you fall, and we warn you.

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